Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dionisia*, shall we rest vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne;
Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils because they do aspire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher rise.
Cleon. O *Dionyza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes do sound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe me with teares.
Dion. Ile do my best Sir.
Cleon. This *Tharsus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches strewd herselfe euen in the streetes,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds,
And strangers ne're beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by:
There tables were for'd full, so glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All pouerty was scornd, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeat.
Dion. O tis true.
Cleon. But see what heauen can do by this our change:

These mouthes, who but of late,
Weare all too little to content a
Although they gaue their creatu
As houses are defiled for want of
They are now staru'd for want o
Those pallats, who not yet to sau
Must haue inuentions to delight
Would now be glad of bred, an
Those mothers, who to nouzell v
Thought nought too curious, ar
To eate those little darlings whor
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that
Draw lots who first shall dye to
Here stands a Lord, and there a L
Heere many sinke, yet those that
Haue scarse strength to giue them
Is not this true?
Dion. Our cheekes and hollow e
Cleon. O let those Cities that o
And her prosperities so largely ta
With their superfluous ryots hea
The misery of *Tharsus* may be th

Enter a

Lord. Wher's the Lord Gouer
Cleon. Here, speake out thy sor
haste, for comfort is to farre for v
Lord. We haue descried vpon o
A portly sayle of ships make hith
Cleon. I thought as much.
One sorrow neuer comes but brin
That may succeed as his inheritou
And so in ours: some neighbouri
Taking aduantage of our misery,
That stuft the hollow vessels with
To beare vs downe the which are
And make a conquest of vnhappy
Whereas no glory is got to ouer

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)